

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, and, if possible, by the address. We are not responsible for the return of letters, but we will return them if the author will send a return address. We are not responsible for the return of letters, but we will return them if the author will send a return address.

## BALLAD OF THE BEGGAR.

The starlings fly in the windy sky,  
The rabbits run out a-row,  
The pheasants stalk in the stubble dry  
As I tramp through the snow—  
As I tramp, tramp and grow  
More weary with every stride,  
And think, as the riders come and go—  
If I had a horse to ride!

The farmer trots by on his roanster high,  
The squire on his pony low,  
Young miles sweep out from the park gate night,  
And canter away with her beau,  
They are proud of themselves—oh, no!  
But couldn't I ride in pride,  
And couldn't I see, out a dash and show,  
If I had a horse to ride?

The farmer is four times as fat as I;  
The squire he is blind and slow;  
Young miles has not nearly so bright an eye  
As does at the "Barley Mow."  
Ah, wouldn't I see, out a dash and show,  
If I had a horse to ride?  
Ah, wouldn't I see, out a dash and show,  
If I had a horse to ride?

## ESQVO.

It was only a beggar that grumbled so,  
As his blithered feet he pined;  
But he was a cry that all of us know—  
If I had a horse to ride!

—Wide Awake.

## FLAG SENTIMENT.

Something About the Standards  
of All Nations.

The Ancient Hebrew, Chinese and Japanese  
and Their Venerated Banners—  
Modern Emblems—The Red  
Cross Flag of Humanity.

It has been well said that in the succession of moving, and often strongly contrasting, events which compose the history of nations, the flag is so closely associated as to become to men's minds the emblem and visible presence of the nation personified. It floats tranquilly over the turning point of battles which determine the nation's existence, crowning the triumphs, gracing its festivities, draping its halls of legislation and justice, drooping in its defeat, and shrouding the dead bodies of its heroes. The English word "flag" is derived from an English-Danish word meaning to fly, or that which hangs down loosely, and it originated in the early use of rushes for streamers. It is a singular fact that the old English name for the iris or "four-de-lis" is flag. In modern parlance under the generic name of flag is included standards, ensigns, banners, colors, streamers, pennons, guidons, coronets or coronels (from which last name is derived the title of Colonel). The guidon, particularly when used in the infant regiments, is sometimes called the marker.

A standard, or flag, represents not only the patriotism and strength, but also the sentiment or thought of the nation. These emblems have existed from the most remote periods, and have always exercised a powerful influence upon mankind. In the time of Moses, 1491 B. C., the Hebrews had their standards; Solomon hoisted the standard of the Lion in Jerusalem, upon which was inscribed the sentiment, "Rise, Lord, let Thine enemies be dispersed, and let those that hate Thee flee before Thee." Romulus, when he founded Rome, adopted on his standard the image of a she-wolf (his reputed foster-mother), combined with the eagle of Jupiter, which was the emblem of his Senate. Mahomet selected a green standard, which is always preserved with the greatest veneration, enveloped in four coverings of green taffeta, inclosed in a case of green cloth, and only on occasions of extreme danger is this sacred symbol taken from its place of deposit. His devout followers believe it was brought down from Heaven by the angel Gabriel.

In China, the earliest standard of which we have any record represents a warrior slaying a hideous-looking dragon with a spear, just as St. George and the dragon are represented in more modern times. The Chinese description of this reptile is that it has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, eyes of a rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, stomach of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk, and the palms of a tiger. On each side of the mouth are whiskers, and its head contains a bright pearl. Its breath is sometimes changed into water, and sometimes into fire, and its voice is like the jingling of copper pans. This beautiful reptile existed when John Chinaman was first created out of yellow clay. There is comfort in the thought that it became extinct over ten thousand years ago. In our time and generation, a sudden meeting of such a reptile would not be calculated to inspire in us sentiments of either confidence, love, cheerfulness, or patriotism. The present national flag of China is triangular in shape, composed of deep yellow bunting, and upon it is a blue dragon, with a green head, snapping at a red pearl or ball.

The old imperial standard of Japan, in the opinion of its people, was something sacred and sublime. Its three-fold device symbolized, several things, combining the sacred, astronomical, social and convivial sentiment. The triple lobes represent Sintoism, the religion of the Kamis, Buddhism and Confucianism. They also symbolized the three annual and the three monthly festivals. First, the great new year, which lasts a month; second, the feast of Spring, on the third day of third month (or that of the flowers and young maidens), and third and last the feast of neighbors in the "won't-go-home-till-morning" style.

Great Britain, or England, that proud nation which boasts that upon its dominion the sun never sets, has more banners or standards than any other kingdom or republic. The first in the list is what is called the royal standard, or square flag, blazoned with the arms of the United Kingdom. The second is the flag of the Lord High Admiral, a crimson banner with an anchor, gorged in the arm with a coronet, and a cable through the ring, fretted in a true-lover's knot, with ends pendent. Third, the flag of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a Union Jack, having in the center of the crosses

a blue shield, emblazoned with a golden harp. Fourth, the Union, or Union Jack, in which are blended the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, emblematic of the united kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Fifth and last, is the flag of the cross of St. George, white, with a red cross, the sign of the old crusaders. Each one of these flags represents not only the different British possessions and various branches of the government, but also the chivalrous, religious and patriotic sentiments.

The French flag is, comparatively, a modern idea. Under the feudal system every lord had his own personal coat of arms or standard. In the year 1794 the present standard was adopted. It is composed of three equal bands placed vertically, the hoist (or the part nearest the staff) being blue, the center white and the fly (or the end) red. This tricolor is supposed to be a union of the blue banner of St. Martin, the red banner of St. Denis and the "coronette blanche"; there being evidence that these colors have been regarded as the national emblem for centuries.

The flag most recently added to the family of European nations is the black, red and gold banner, of the North German Empire. When Emperor Barbarossa was crowned, in the year 1152, the road to the palace was covered with carpet, into which were woven the colors black, red and gold. After the coronation the carpet was given to the people and cut into strips, which were carried by them about the city as flags. During the heated discussion in the National Assembly at Frankfurt in 1848, as to which combination of colors should have precedence, Freilgrath said: "Powder is black, blood is red and golden flickers the flame, and that is the old imperial standard." I like the motto of Frederic Wilhelm: "From night—through blood—to light."

I might draw attention to the flags, and the associated sentiment, of many other nations, both ancient and modern, but will pass on to our own grand and beautiful star-spangled banner, which represents a nobler, purer and more patriotic sentiment. Its stripes of red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States which were associated to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars—white in field of blue—proclaim a National Constitution, which receives a new star with every added State. The two together signify, Union past and present. The language even of the colors was officially recognized by our fathers—white is for purity, red for valor and the blue for justice.

Hon. George F. Hoar, in 1878, said: "I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river. I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise on Mont Blanc, and the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land—beautiful as a flower to those who love it, and terrible as a meteor to those who hate it. It is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of 50,000,000 of Americans."

At the close of the first day of that terrible battle of Shiloh (or Pittsburgh Landing), after having been driven by superior numbers from seven different lines of defense, losing in killed and wounded one-third of the whole command, without food or rest, saddened by the loss of many comrades and friends, we waited anxiously for the evening's last attack before sundown, knowing that if we did not successfully resist it we would be forced to surrender or be driven into the river, when suddenly there appeared approaching us, on the opposite side of the river, a body of mounted men. In the distance and in the dim light we could not distinguish them from friend or foe, but when on the rising ground at a bend in the road, the smoke from the battle-field cleared a little, and we saw the grand old Stars and Stripes, then we knew they were friends, and that the long-expected and much-needed reinforcements were at hand. Our hearts were filled with renewed hope and courage, and when General Bull's first brigade crossed the river and marched up the bank, its band playing the grand old air "The Star Spangled Banner," many a battle-scarred and powder-begrimmed soldier's eyes were filled with tears, and the shout of exultation and defiance made the woods ring. The enemy heard it above the din and roar of the battle, and knew it was a harbinger of their next day's defeat. Even the wounded seemed to revive and become inspired with new hope and courage.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of an important part of his uniform. (If he was familiar with the history of France in 1792 he might have thought of the insurgents' standard, which was a pair of black breeches, upon which was the inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, for we, the people, still were the breeches.") When I asked him why he made such a sacrifice and spent so much time to repair that old flag, his answer was that as we were so far from the base of supplies, he could not get a new one, and he must have one, for when the battery went into action, with the thirty-six horses and the six guns, he always stuck the pike to which the guidon was attached firmly into the ground, to mark the line of battle, where the battery was to form and go into action, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, the din of the battle was so great that the bugle call could not be heard, the horses were so well drilled that they would wheel around the flag, make or execute the maneuver known as "by left into line," and when the muzzles of the six guns were on a line with the flag, and then, as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it, about two hundred paces to the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear, with the caissons, and halt again on a line with it. Perhaps there is not much sentiment in the mending of that old flag by the battery boy, but there is not a beautiful sentiment in the thought of those noble horses, doing their share of the fighting, side by side with us, learn-

ing to know the flag and rallying upon it?

In conclusion, I will draw attention to the most glorious of all flags, the banner of the red cross. An international public conference was called at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863. At this time a treaty was drawn up and signed by representatives of twenty-five different governments, which provided for the neutrality of all sanitary supplies, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, attendants, sick or wounded men, and their safe conduct when they bear the banner of the red cross. Largely through the influence and perseverance of Miss Clara Barton, our Government was induced, eventually, to instruct its proper representative to sign the treaty. As a compliment to Switzerland, the association adopted as its banner the color of the Swiss flag, reversed, the red cross on a white ground. This flag is held sacred by all civilized nations of the world. In the fiercest battle no shot is ever aimed at this symbol. It protects alike castle or cottage, friend or foe. It insures safe conduct to all transports to an enemy's country. Under this banner social distinctions are abolished. The proudest rulers of the kingdoms of the earth bow with respect and submission to this banner—the universal representative of man's humanity to man and the harbinger of the time when all nations shall "beat the swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more."—Chicago Journal.

## FEROCIOUS PIGS.

How an Army of Peccaries Attacked a  
Noted Traveler's Camp.

That was a strange adventure of James W. Wells, the English traveler, when he was attacked by peccaries in the wilds of Brazil. Mr. Wells traveled three thousand miles in that South American country, and at the time of the attack in question was in the valley of the Sapao river. With him were some Brazilians, one of whom he called Don and another Jose. That day they had seen signs of peccaries in the swamp, and they knew that those fierce wild pigs will follow a dog's trail. So that night the camp was made particularly strong. A "fort" was built so as to protect the dogs, and some of the Brazilians also went to sleep within the flimsy stockade. Mr. Wells and three or four others went into their hammocks, which were swung out of reach of the snouts of any assailants. But let Mr. Wells tell how the camp was stormed: "I felt my hammock violently shaken. It was the Don awakening me, saying: 'Wake up! Here are the peccaries; we are going to have some fun.' I sat up, looked around, and listened. The pitchy blackness of night surrounded us, but the fire, burning brightly, sent its flickering light upon the tree-trunks, the foliage and the hammocks. Two men were in the fort, with gun and knife in hand. The dogs, tied to the stake, were with difficulty kept quiet. As I listened it became evident that we were surrounded by some animals. It was a moment of suspense, but not for long. Suddenly, from all around us came a blood-curdling sound of the simultaneous snapping of teeth from vast numbers of the enemy. This was followed by the appearance of a crowd of charging black animals, rushing with wonderful speed toward a common center—the fort. We in the hammocks each lighted a coil of wax-tapers that were prepared for the occasion. And what a scene ensued! The fire was rapidly scattered. Under and around us was a seething mass of black peccaries, barely distinguishable in the dim light, but all pushing and struggling to the front. The men in the fort had discharged their weapons and were hard at work, hacking and thrusting at the peccaries as they endeavored to swarm up the smooth surface of the hides and covered the sides of the fort. The men in the hammocks, after discharging their guns, reached down and slashed with their knives at the swarming animals below them. The attack was more like the wild, reckless bravery of the Arabs of the Soudan, for as pig after pig fell squealing and disabled, scores more struggled for their place. It was a strange, noisy, wildly weird scene—the swinging hammocks, with their occupants reaching downward, cutting and thrusting with their long, gleaming knives; the dim figures of the men in the fort, and the wild, rushing, charging forms of the peccaries. The extremely disagreeable odor of the animals, their snapping teeth, like musketry fire, the reports of the fire-arms, the shouts of the men, the howling and the barking of the dogs—created an indescribably strange and exciting scene. Every bullet of my revolver took effect. I shouted to all the men to fire in a volley. They did so, and the effect was instantaneous. Off went the pigs, and we could hear them snapping their teeth afar. We had killed twenty-seven peccaries."—Golden Days.

## A Visit to Krupp's Works.

An interesting account is given by Mr. Richards, superintendent of the motive power of the Boston & Providence railroad, of a visit made by him to the famous Krupp steel works at Essen. He saw a ten-ton crucible steel casting being poured, and an enormous seventy-ton steel casting being very gradually cooled, the outside being warmed with coke fires until the inside has partly solidified, when the block is hammered into shape to form the main piece of an immense gun. The enormous array of furnaces in which the crucibles are heated and the perfect manner in which such a large number of men—in some cases as many as eight hundred—all lift their eighty-pound crucibles out of the furnaces and pour them into the mould in rapid succession is described as a wonderful sight. The scrupulous care bestowed upon the minutest detail was a noticeable feature about their manipulation of steel. If, after extended trials, a certain practice or proportion of ingredients has been found to give the best results, that practice is absolutely and exactly adhered to, nothing in the whole range of the vast operations of establishment being left to mere possibilities.—N. Y. Sun.

## HOME AND FARM.

—Sandpaper will whiten ivory knife-handles that may have become yellow with use or age.—Exchange.

—The gliding on tarnished picture-frames may be restored. Dust carefully with a soft brush, then wash the gliding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.—Exchange.

—Mr. A. W. Cheever, of the New England Farmer, has fed many bushels of apples to dairy cows, giving them all they would eat, without experiencing any evil therefrom. Small quantities were given at first.

—An excellent method of utilizing the hayseed and dust is to place it where the hens can scratch it over. They will find quite an amount of valuable material which would be useless for any other purpose.—Albany Journal.

—Sardine Sandwiches: Sardines picked up fine and mixed with cold boiled ham, also minced fine, and all well seasoned with a regular mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious filling for sandwiches for a lady's "afternoon" or a cold luncheon. The bread should be cut very thin and sparingly buttered. They can be piled up in slices or rolled and tied with narrow ribbon now in style.—Detroit Tribune.

—Boiled Cider Apple-sauce: One-half bushel sweet apples, four pounds of sugar, a few quinces; put in sweet cider enough to cover the apples, boil and skin for four or five hours. This is superior to the old-fashioned boiled cider apple-sauce, which was made of cider that had been boiled down separately, instead of doing all the cooking in the same operation.—Boston Budget.

—A correspondent of the Mirror says: "I have tried many ways of keeping grapes through the winter, but none gave better satisfaction than trying a string to the stems and hanging them up in a dry, cool cellar, the nearer freezing the better. To keep grapes they should be thoroughly ripe and dry when put away. All varieties do not keep well; the so-called natives are poor keepers."

—Creamed Turnips: Peel, lay in cold water for half an hour and cook tender and fast in hot, salted water, drain, press well, put into a clean tin or porcelain saucepan and beat smooth over the fire with a wooden spoon (never an iron one), mixing in as you go on a good spoonful of butter and three spoonfuls of milk or cream; season with pepper and salt. The lumps should be rubbed out and the turnips be a smooth puree.—Good Housekeeping.

## TRAINING FERRETS.

Harmless Little Animals Which Are  
Thrown in a Rage When Smelling  
Blood.

"Ferrets are harmless and innocent-looking little things," said an aged ferret handler to a reporter recently, "but unless you know how to handle them you will soon find out they are not so innocent as they look. Although not particularly affectionate, a ferret, if properly taken hold of, can not bite. Always remember this, do not go grabbing and snatching at one, half intending to take hold of him and half afraid that he will turn his head and take hold of you. Stoop down and quickly and easily seize him just between the forelegs, bring your hand down toward that part from behind; that is to say, do not put your hand down over his head and take hold, but take a mean advantage and approach him from the rear. In a short time you will be able to pick him up any way and yet seldom or never get bitten. Fear of consequence is every thing. As a rule, ferret bites are caused either by the hand being roughly or suddenly put down, or timidly jerked away as the ferret turns round. I was bitten but once, and that was when I kept my ferret in a barrel with a sieve over the top, as was the custom several years ago. I was putting down the dish containing their bread and milk and one of them seized me by the fore-finger on my left hand. The severity of their bite may be estimated when I say that it is nearly twenty years since I was bitten and the scar is as plain as ever. Since then I have handled a great number, and even carried them loose in the pocket of my coat and have never had the performance repeated. Until you are thoroughly at home with them it is advisable to be very careful not to handle any game and so get blood on your hands. A ferret can smell blood wonderfully quick, and in that case, on being picked up, will fight and struggle to find out where it is."

"How do you feed them?"  
"It is a good plan when feeding young ferrets to adopt the method employed by the Belgian pigeon-flyers, that is, to utter a shrill call each time you feed them, making the call first and then placing the food before them. They will soon begin to recognize it and will answer. This will often be serviceable when a ferret sulks in an earth. As soon as they become used to the hand, take them with their fill—female ferrets—to some outlying earth not likely to be complicated in its runs, or, better still, make a simple run and put a rabbit in it. Place a net over the earth and also the bolt, previously turning in the fill with her young ones. When the fill goes down the earth the young ones naturally follow, and among them they bolt the rabbit, if the earth contains one. When bolted it is, of course, caught in the net, and having been killed, it should be allowed to remain in earth until the young ones come up, when they should be allowed to taste the carcass and then taken off. A few lessons like this will make a wonderful difference in the working of your young ferrets. For my own part I never muzzle a ferret, neither do I work it in a cord or with bells, or any of the thousand and one devices advocated. I do not mean to say a ferret is better unmuzzled, but the difficulty is to find an effectual one. The best one, I think, is a round, flat ring that fits over the nose and has a bar that crosses its center, screwing in at both sides. When on the ferret this bar passes just behind the canine teeth, and this has generally answered better than any others I have tried, but even this comes off, especially on an old ferret.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## BALD-HEADED MEN.

A Languid Knight of the Razor Dis-  
cusses About Them.

"Of all classes of men," remarked a languid barber the other day, "I think men who are losing their hair are the most easily imposed upon. Not one man out of a hundred is able to be reconciled to the idea of joining the bald-headed brigade and the most desperate means are resorted to, in order to avoid this calamity. Several of my regular customers are beginning to develop rare spots on their heads and they are fast becoming cranks on the subject of hair restoratives. Every time that one of them gets into my chair, the first question he asks is whether I think his hair is coming in again or whether it is coming out as fast as it was. Then he will ask my opinion on some new preventive for baldness that he has heard of. Most of them have a pet restorative which they keep at the shop to be applied every time they come here. I have never known a single man threatened with baldness who has not experimented with half a dozen or more alleged remedies and most of them keep applying them to their hair for years."

"Well, what do you think of the efficacy of hair restoratives?"  
"To tell the truth, I don't think much of them. The best thing that I can say for them is that there are some that do not injure the hair. From my observations I have come to the conclusion that the best way to treat the hair in such cases is not to treat it at all. That is to say, as far as the application of hair restoratives is concerned, such simple remedies as using stiff hair brushes and brushing the head regularly every day, and keeping the head clean are in reality the most beneficial. It is seldom, however, that a customer believes in such advice. I am always sure of giving better satisfaction if I recommend some restorative and my advice is generally regarded with the utmost confidence. A man trusts a barber in such matters just as he does a doctor when he is sick."

"Of course you have some few who take the matter philosophically?"  
"Yes, there are some who scoff at all remedies and pretend to make light of their lack of hair, but I often find that these men are in reality the most touchy on the subject. They believe that the best thing for their hair is to leave it to take care of itself, and it is from lack of confidence in restoratives that they do not use them. I suppose that a large part of the conversation between barbers and the customers is on this subject, and we naturally acquire a good deal of information on the subject, but at the same time you will rarely find two barbers who agree as to the best method for preserving the hair. Do you know, more than one-half of our customers are either bald, or have a touch of baldness?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

—A writer in the San Francisco Chronicle says he "never met a child yet whose best ideas were not derived from the mother." It is presumed that California children are more intimately acquainted with their mothers than heretofore, and see them almost every day.—Boston Transcript.

—A sailor who had jumped overboard to rescue a drowning man was asked afterward if he thought he was fit to die. His reply was: "I should not have been made more fit for declining to do my duty."—Chicago Living Church.

DAVID SCOTT, champion Australian cricketer, says St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic. Hospitals and curative institutions successfully use Red Star Cough Cure. No opiates. Costs twenty-five cents a bottle.

RAILROAD brakemen should emigrate to Switzerland.—St. Paul Herald.

Brown's Little Joke.  
"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of the royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Upside down—Feather bed.—N. Y. Independent.

HALF'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.  
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The trouble with a buzz-saw is that it never has false teeth.

THE COMBINATION OF INGREDIENTS used in making BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Dis-ease. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

The green grocer in London is one who sells vegetables. In this country he is one who trusts.

A man who advertised to restore old paintings had stolen them.—Times Express.

The rooster arranges his notes order of the crow-mate scale.—Merchant Traveler.

CHINAMEN generally show great fear of all kinds of robbers, except of Norway pirates.

"ARE you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madame, and I like it still."

HAYWARD boys call the female department of the university the "Ann X."—Burlington Free Press.

It takes a good deal more money to be a millionaire than it used to do.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Detroit Free Press heads an item "Down on the Dog." This must have been a freak of nature.—Life.

A NAME in point is that of Farmer Wheat, of Bucks County, whose oldest son is named Buck.—Philadelphia News.

YOUNG Artist.—"Well, Charley, what do you think I ought to get for this painting?" "Charley—Six months."—Boston Herald.

MARY S. has a string of fifteen feet. That of a man doling his holiday bills is thirty.—Philadelphia North American.

CUSTOMER in Restaurant.—"Waiter, is this fish fresh or stale?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Then what difference does it make?"

A ROOST and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

An Expensive Delay.  
Is failing to provide the proper means to expel from the system those disease germs which cause scrofula, indigestion, debility, rheumatism, and sick headache. The only reliable means is Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

The home-stretch—Trying to make both ends meet.  
Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

Impressions of America—Footprints in the snow.—New Haven News.

\$500 Reward.  
The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have removed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douches," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I can't be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

NEVER speak to yourself when any one is near.—The Judge.

"ONE of the best friends to the Poultry yard is the very efficient Bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' The one we have gives entire satisfaction. Grunt up lots of bone and fill the egg-basket. It will pay."

WAIL of the stage carpenter—all work and no play.—Times Herald.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.  
The call to arms—"John, take the baby."

A QUESTION ABOUT  
Brown's Iron  
Bitters  
ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times by those who are suffering from "Browns." Well, it doesn't. But it does cure many diseases. It is a powerful blood purifier and a powerful tonic. It is a powerful blood purifier and a powerful tonic. It is a powerful blood purifier and a powerful tonic.

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